

But still I take comfort

Lord of All Solace,

I look to France and I weep.
But still I take comfort,
For I know St. Genevieve weeps with me.

I look to Lebanon and I weep.
But still I take comfort,
For I know St. Charbel weeps with me.

I look to Syria and I weep.
But still I take comfort,
For I know St. Barbara weeps with me.

I look to Ukraine and I weep.
But still I take comfort,
For I know St. Josaphat weeps with me.

I look to the Central African Republic
and I weep.
But still I take comfort,
For I know St. Therese weeps with me.



Photo by Julie Fletcher for CRS

Even as I behold our broken world,
Still my heart is filled with gratefulness.
Because I know my tears are shared by
the Blessed Mother,
Our Lady of Lourdes, of Fatima, of
Guadalupe
Our Lady of Ostrabrama, of Knock, of
Altagracia
Our Queen of All Nations, whose face is
that of all people
And reflects God's grace into the darkest
places.

Lord, we are grateful for these saints who
hold us in difficult times.
Who weep with us amid our suffering.
Teach us to weep for each other.
With each other.
To reach out to the stranger.
And, like the saints,
See our suffering in theirs.
For then will we see at last that we are all
one,
And we are all one with you.
And our gratefulness will be full and
complete,
For we will have found our way home.

Amen